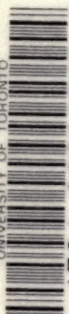


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Oxenhem, John  
"All's well!"

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# “All’s Well!”

SOME HELPFUL VERSE FOR  
THESE DARK DAYS OF WAR

By

John Orenham

Author of

“BEES IN AMBER,”

“THE KING’S HIGH WAY,”

“THE VISION SPLENDID,” etc., etc.

“. . . Behind the dim unknown  
Standeth GOD within the shadow  
Keeping watch above His own.”

LONDON  
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Is the pathway dark and dreary?  
God's in His heaven!  
Are you broken, heart-sick, weary?  
God's in His heaven!  
Dreariest roads shall have an ending,  
Broken hearts are for God's mending.  
All's well! All's well!  
All's . . . well!



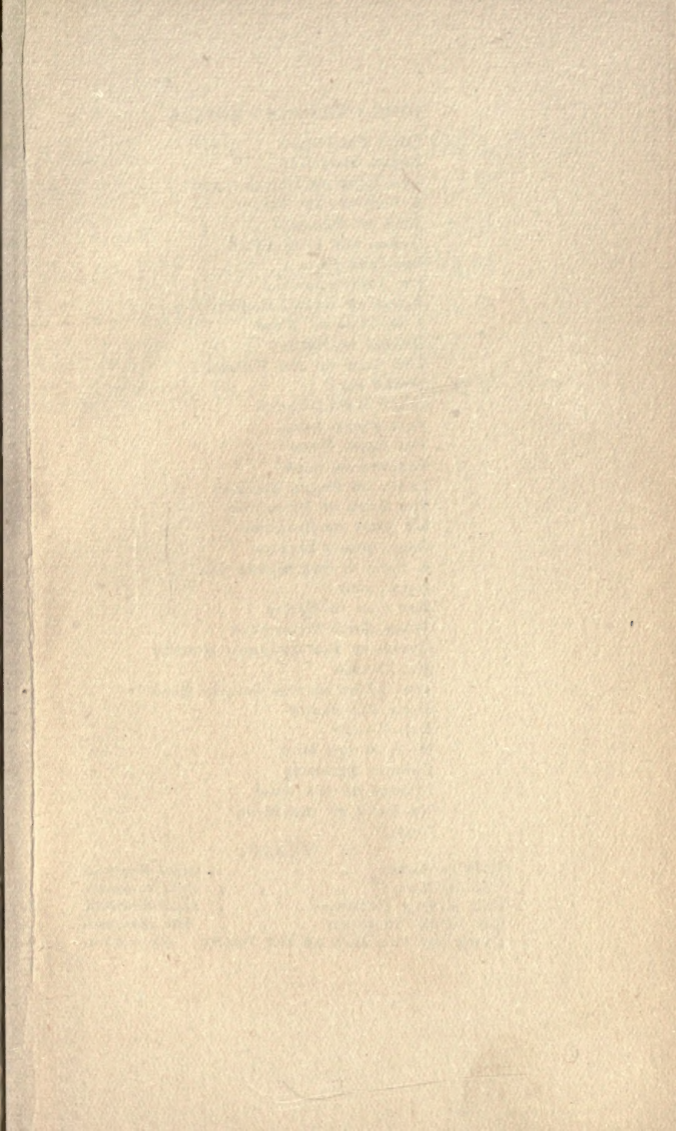
*Design by Herbert Cole.*

Is the burden past your bearing?  
God's in His heaven!  
Hopeless?—Friendless?—No one caring?  
God's in His heaven!  
Burdens shared are light to carry,  
Love shall come though long He tarry.  
All's well! All's well!  
All's . . . well!



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### VERSE.

BEES IN AMBER . . . . .	203rd thousand.
"ALL'S WELL!" . . . . .	175th thousand.
THE KING'S HIGHWAY. . . . .	105th thousand.
THE VISION SPLENDID . . . . .	60th thousand.
HYMN FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT	6th million.

ALL'S WELL!" SOME  
HELPFUL VERSE FOR  
THESE DARK DAYS OF  
WAR BY JOHN OXENHAM  
PUBLISHED BY METHUEN &  
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**4.7.55**

TO  
MY SON HUGO

2ND LIEUT. ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

TO  
ALL HIS COMRADES IN ARMS  
ON LAND AND ON SEA  
AND TO  
ALL SORELY-TRIED HEARTS  
AT HOME AND ELSEWHERE

*THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED*

IN PROFOUNDTEST ADMIRATION,  
IN MOST LOVING SYMPATHY,  
AND IN PERFECT ASSURANCE  
THAT SINCE GOD IS,  
RIGHT MUST WIN  
AND THE FUTURE WILL BE  
BETTER THAN THE PAST.

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## Foreword

The title I have—after much consideration, out of eighty-six alternatives—adopted for this little volume is not to be taken as expressing my opinion that all is as it should be with us generally. In many respects, in the higher matters especially, one has to acknowledge with sorrow that things are not as they might and ought to be, and as, please God, they yet, in His good time, will be.

But for those who were chiefly in my heart when these verses came to me from time to time—our men and boys at the Front, and those they leave behind them in grievous sorrow and anxiety at home—my little message is that, so far as they are concerned—“ALL IS WELL!”

Those who have so nobly responded to the Call, and those who, with quiet faces and breaking hearts, have so bravely bidden them “God speed!”—with these, All is truly Well, for they are equally giving their best to what, in this case, we most of us devoutly believe to be the service of God and humanity.

War is red horror. But, better war than the utter crushing-out of liberty and civilisation under the heel of Prussian or *any other* militarism.

Germany has avowedly outmarched Christianity and left it in the rear, along with its outclassed guns and higher ideals of, say, 1870, its honour, its humanity, and all the other lumber, useless to an absolutely materialistic people whose only object is to win the world even at the price of its soul.

The world is witnessing with abhorrence the results, and, we may surely hope, learning therefrom The Final Lesson for its own future guidance.

JOHN OXENHAM.

God is ;  
God sees ;  
God loves ;  
God knows.

And Right is Right ;  
And Right is Might.

In the full ripeness of His Time,  
All these His vast prepotencies  
Shall round their grace-work to the  
prime

Of full accomplishment,  
And we shall see the plan sublime  
Of His beneficent intent.

Live on in hope !  
Press on in faith !  
Love conquers all things,  
Even Death.

# “All’s Well!”

---

## Watchman! What of the Night?

Watchman! What of the night?  
No light we see,—  
Our souls are bruised and sickened with the  
sight  
Of this foul crime against humanity.  
The Ways are dark——  
“ I SEE THE MORNING LIGHT ! ”

—The Ways are dark;  
Faith folds her wings; and Hope, in piteous  
plight,  
Has dimmed her radiant lamp to feeblest  
spark.  
Love bleeding lies——  
“ I SEE THE MORNING LIGHT ! ”

—Love bleeding lies,  
Struck down by this grim fury of despight,  
Which once again her Master crucifies.  
He dies again——  
“ I SEE THE MORNING LIGHT ! ”

—He dies again,  
 By evil slain ! Who died for man's respite  
 By man's insensate rage again is slain.  
 O woful sight !——

“ I SEE THE MORNING LIGHT !

—Beyond the war-clouds and the reddened  
 ways,

I see the Promise of the Coming Days !  
 I see His Sun arise, new-charged with grace  
 Earth's tears to dry and all her woes efface !  
 Christ lives ! Christ loves ! Christ rules !  
 No more shall Might,  
 Though leagued with all the Forces of the  
 Night,

Ride over Right. No more shall Wrong  
 The world's gross agonies prolong.  
 Who waits His Time shall surely see  
 The triumph of His Constancy ;—  
 When, without let, or bar, or stay,  
 The coming of His Perfect Day  
 Shall sweep the Powers of Night away ;—  
 And Faith, replumed for nobler flight,  
 And Hope, aglow with radiance bright,  
 And Love, in loveliness bedight,

SHALL GREET THE MORNING LIGHT ! ”

## For the Men at the Front.

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand  
Dominion holds on sea and land,  
In Peace and War Thy Will we see  
Shaping the larger liberty.  
Nations may rise and nations fall,  
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

When Death flies swift on wave or field,  
Be Thou a sure defence and shield !  
Console and succour those who fall,  
And help and hearten each and all !  
O, hear a people's prayers for those  
Who fearless face their country's foes !

For those who weak and broken lie,  
In weariness and agony—  
Great Healer, to their beds of pain  
Come, touch, and make them whole again !  
O, hear a people's prayers, and bless  
Thy servants in their hour of stress !

For those to whom the call shall come  
We pray Thy tender welcome home.  
The toil, the bitterness, all past,  
We trust them to Thy Love at last.  
O, hear a people's prayers for all  
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall !

[Six million copies of this hymn have been sold and the profits given to the various Funds for the Wounded. It is now being sung all round the world.]

To every stricken heart and home,  
 O, come ! In tenderest pity, come !  
 To anxious souls who wait in fear,  
 Be Thou most wonderfully near !  
     And hear a people's prayers, for faith  
     To quicken life and conquer death !

For those who minister and heal,  
 And spend themselves, their skill, their  
     zeal—  
 Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,  
 And guard them from disease and death.  
     And in Thine own good time, Lord, send  
     Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end !

### In Time of Need.

Better than I,  
 Thou knowest, Lord,  
 All my necessity,  
 And with a word  
 Thou canst it all supply.  
 Help other is there none  
 Save Thee alone ;  
 Without Thee I'm undone.  
 And so, to Thee I cry,—  
 O, be Thou nigh !  
 For, better far than I,  
 Thou knowest, Lord,  
 All my necessity.

## Christs All!

### Our Boys who have gone to the Front.

(*"Be christs!"—was one of W. T. Stead's favourite sayings. Not "Be like Christ!"—but—"Be christs!" And he used the word no doubt in its original meaning,—anointed, ordained, chosen. As such we, whose boys have gone to the Front, think of them. For they have gone, most of them, from a simple, high sense of duty, and in many cases under direst feeling of personal repulsion against the whole ghastly business. They have sacrificed everything, knowing full well that many of them will never return to us.*)

Ye are all christs in this your self-surrender,—

True sons of God in seeking not your own.  
Yours now the hardships,—yours shall be  
the splendour

Of the Great Triumph and THE KING'S  
"Well done!"

Yours these rough Calvaries of high  
endeavour,—

Flame of the trench, and foam of wintry  
seas.

Nor Pain, nor Death, nor aught that is can  
sever

You from the Love that bears you on His

Yes, you are christs, if less at times your  
 seeming,—  
 Christ walks the earth in many a simple  
 guise.  
 We know you christs, when, in your souls'  
 redeeming,  
 The Christ-light blazes in your steadfast  
 eyes.

Here—or hereafter, you shall see it ended,—  
 This mighty work to which your souls are  
 set.  
 If from beyond—then, with the vision  
 splendid,  
 You shall smile back and never know  
 regret.

Or soon, or late, for each—the Life  
 Immortal!  
 And not for us to choose the How or When.  
 Or late, or soon,—what matter?—since  
 the Portal  
 Leads but to glories passing mortal ken.

O Lads! Dear Lads! Our christs of God's  
 anointing!  
 Press on in hope! Your faith and courage  
 prove!  
 Pass—by these High Ways of the Lord's  
 appointing!  
 You cannot pass beyond our boundless  
 love.



## The Cross Still Stands !

*(" In the evening I went for a walk to a village lately shelled by German heavy guns. Their effect was awful—ghastly. It was impossible to imagine the amount of damage done until one really saw it. The church was terrible too. The spire was sticking upside down in the ground a short distance from the door. The church itself was a mass of debris. Scarcely anything was left unhit. In the churchyard again the destruction was terrific—tombstones thrown all over the place. But the most noticeable thing of all was that the three Crucifixes—one inside and two outside,—were untouched ! How they can have avoided the shelling is quite beyond me. It was a wonderful sight though an awful one. There were holes in the churchyard about fifteen feet across."—From a letter from my boy at the Front.)*

The churchyard stones all blasted into shreds,

The dead re-slain within their lowly beds,—

THE CROSS STILL STANDS !

His holy ground all cratered and crevassed,

All flailed to fragments by the fiery blast,—

THE CROSS STILL STANDS !

His church a blackened ruin, scarce one stone

Left on another,—yet, untouched alone,—

THE CROSS STILL STANDS !

His shrines o'erthrown, His altars desecrate,  
 His priests the victims of a pagan hate,—  
 THE CROSS STILL STANDS !

'Mid all the horrors of the reddened ways,  
 The thund'rous nights, the dark and  
 dreadful days,—  
 THE CROSS STILL STANDS !

And, 'mid the chaos of the Deadlier Strife,—  
 A Church at odds with its own self and  
 life,—  
 HIS CROSS STILL STANDS !

Faith folds her wings, and Hope at times  
 grows dim ;  
 The world goes wandering away from  
 Him ;—  
 HIS CROSS STILL STANDS !

Love, with the lifted hands and thorn-  
 crowned head,  
 Still conquers Death, though life itself be  
 fled ;—  
 HIS CROSS STILL STANDS !

Yes,—Love triumphant stands, and stands  
 for more,  
 In our great need, than e'er it stood before !  
 HIS CROSS STILL STANDS !

## Hymn of Battle.

Fight we this fight as in His sight,  
Whose Word is Truth, whose Word is Life,  
Whose Word is Victory thro' Strife,  
Whose Word is Everlasting Right.

His Word is Everlasting Right ;  
Who follows Him hath peerless Guide,  
Who fights this fight fights by His side,  
Whose Word is Everlasting Might.

His Word is Everlasting Might ;  
In triumph we will bear His Cross,  
Thro' toil and travail, pain and loss,  
To smite the Forces of the Night.

To smite the Forces of the Night,  
Fight we this fight as in His Sight,  
And, in the Virtue of His Might,  
We'll win the world for Truth and Right.

## Where are You Sleeping To-night, My Lad ?

Where are you sleeping to-night, My Lad,  
Above-ground—or below ?  
The last we heard you were up at the front,  
Holding a trench and bearing the brunt ;—  
But—that was a week ago.

Ay !—that was a week ago, Dear Lad,  
And a week is a long, long time,  
When a second's enough, in the thick of the  
strife,  
To sever the thread of the bravest life,  
And end it in its prime.

Oh, a week is long when so little's enough  
To send a man below.  
It may be that while we named your name  
The bullet sped and the quick end came,—  
And the rest we shall never know.

But this we know, Dear Lad,—all's well  
With the man who has done his best.  
And whether he live, or whether he die,  
He is sacred high in our memory ;—  
And to God we can leave the rest.

So—wherever you're sleeping to-night,  
Dear Lad,  
This one thing we do know,—  
When " Last Post " sounds, and He makes  
His rounds,  
Not one of you all will be out of bounds,  
Above ground or below.

### Be Quiet!

Soul, dost thou fear  
For to-day or to-morrow?  
'Tis the part of a fool  
To go seeking sorrow.  
Of thine own doing  
Thou canst not contrive them.  
'Tis He that shall give them;  
Thou may'st not outlive them.  
So why cloud to-day  
With fear of the sorrow,  
That may or may not  
Come to-morrow?

## To You who have Lost.

I know! I know!—

The ceaseless ache, the emptiness, the woe,—

The pang of loss,—

The strength that sinks beneath so sore a  
cross.

*"—Heedless and careless, still the world  
wags on,*

*And leaves me broken . . . Oh, my  
son! my son!"*

Yet—think of this!—

Yea, rather think on this!—

He died as few men get the chance to die,—

Fighting to save a world's morality.

He died the noblest death a man may die.

Fighting for God, and Right, and Liberty;—

And such a death is Immortality.

*"He died unnoticed in the muddy trench."*

Nay,—God was with him, and he did not  
blench;

Filled him with holy fires that nought  
could quench,

And when He saw his work below was done,

He gently called to him,—*"My son! My son!*

*I need thee for a greater work than this.*

*Thy faith, thy zeal, thy fine activities*

*Are worthy of My larger liberties;"—*

—Then drew him with the hand of wel-  
coming grace,

And, side by side, they climbed the  
heavenly ways.

## Lord, Save Their Souls Alive !

Lord, save their souls alive !  
And—for the rest,—  
We leave it all to Thee ;  
Thou knowest best.

Whether they live or die,  
Safely they'll rest,  
Every true soul of them,  
Thy Chosen Guest.

Whether they live or die,  
They chose the best,  
They sprang to Duty's call,  
They stood the test.

If they come back to us—  
How grateful we !  
If not,—we may not grieve ;  
They are with Thee.

No soul of them shall fail,  
Whate'er the past.  
Who dies for Thee and Thine  
Wins Thee at last.

Who, through the fiery gates,  
 Enter Thy rest,  
 Greet them as conquerors,—  
 Bravest and best !

Every white soul of them,  
 Ransomed and blest,—  
 Wear them as living gems,  
 Bear them as living flames,  
 High on Thy breast !

### The Alabaster Boy.

The spikenard was not wasted ;—  
 All down the tale of years,  
 The fragrance of that broken alabaster  
 Still clings to Mary's memory,  
 As clung its perfume sweet unto her Master.

Not less than Martha,  
 Mary served her Lord,  
 Although she but sat worshipping,  
 While Martha spread the board.

They also minister to Christ,  
 And render noblest duty,  
 Whose sweet hands touch life's common  
     rounds  
 To Fragrance and to Beauty.



## White Brother.

Midway between the flaming lines he lay,  
A tumbled heap of blood, and sweat, and  
clay ;

—God's son !

And none could succour him. First this  
one tried,  
Then that . . . and then another . . . and  
they died ;

—God's sons !

Those others saw his plight, and laughed  
and jeered,  
And, at each helper's fall, laughed more,  
and cheered ;

—God's sons ?

So, through the torture of an endless day,  
In agonies that none could ease, he lay ;

—God's son !

Then, as he wrestled for each hard-won  
breath,  
Bleeding his life out, craving only death ;

—God's son !

—Came One in white, athwart the fiery  
hail,  
And in His hand, a shining cup—The  
Grail ;

—God's Son !

He knelt beside him on the reeking ground,  
And with a touch soothed each hot-  
throbbing wound ;

—God's Son !

Gave him to drink, and in his failing ear,  
Whispered sweet words of comfort and  
good cheer ;

—God's Son !

The suffering one looked up into the face  
Of Him whose death to sinners brought  
God's grace ;

—God's Son !

The tender brow with unhealed wounds  
was scarred,  
The hand that held The Cup, the nails  
had marred ;

—God's Son !

" Brother, for thee I suffered greater woes ;  
As I forgave,—do thou forgive thy foes,

—God's son ! "

" Yea, Lord, as Thou forgavest, I forgive ;  
And now, my soul unto Thyself receive,

—God's Son ! "

Thick-clustered in the battered trench,  
amazed,

They gazed at that strange sight . . . and  
gazed . . . and gazed ;

—God's sons !

—The Christ of God, come down to succour  
one

Of their own number,—their own mate—

—God's son !

And none who saw that sight will e'er  
forget

How once, upon the field of death, they  
met

—God's Son.

## The Deciding Factor.

There's a mighty force behind you, boys,  
That's stronger, stronger far  
Than all the hosts the enemy can muster  
in this war.

The God of Right, in all His Might,  
Is fighting on your side ;  
And the souls of all your comrades true,  
Who fought and died alongside you,  
Who fought, and dared, and died with  
you,  
They are watching how you bear you,  
boys,  
And they're fighting on your side.

Vain is the might of strongest man,  
When he fights against the Lord,  
Vain all the treacheries and craft of all  
the hostile horde.

Fight ye this fight as in His sight,  
And He will be your Guide ;  
And the souls of all good men and true  
Will range themselves alongside you ;  
They will fight, and dare, and die with you,  
The whole world's hopes ally with you,  
For the Right is on your side.

## A Little Te Deum for these Times.

We thank Thee, Lord,  
 For mercies manifold in these dark days ;—  
 For Heart of Grace that would not suffer  
     wrong ;  
 For all the stirrings in the dead dry bones ;  
 For bold self-steeling to the times' dread  
     needs ;  
 For every sacrifice of self to Thee ;  
 For ease and wealth and life so freely given ;  
 For Thy deep sounding of the hearts of men ;  
 For Thy great opening of the hearts of men ;  
 For Thy close-knit-ting of the hearts of men ;  
 For all who sprang to answer the great call ;  
 For their high courage and self-sacrifice ;  
 For their endurance under deadly stress ;  
 For all the unknown heroes who have died  
 To keep the land inviolate and free ;  
 For all who come back from the Gates of  
     Death ;  
 For all who pass to larger life with Thee,  
 And find in Thee the wider liberty ;  
 For hope of Righteous and Enduring  
     Peace ;  
 For hope of cleaner earth and closer  
     heaven ;  
 With burdened hearts, but faith unquench-  
     able,—

We thank Thee, Lord !

## Thy Will Be Done!

*" Thy Will be done ! "*

Let all the worlds

Resound with that divinest prayer !

The joyous souls redeemed from ill

Know all the wonders of Thy Will ;

Heaven's highest bliss is surely this,—

*" Thy Will be done ! Thy Will be  
done ! "*

*" Thy Will be done ! "*

'Tis not Thy Will

That Sin or Sorrow rule the world.

Thy Will is Joy, and Hope, and Light ;

Thy Will is All-Triumphant Right.

And so, exultantly, we cry,—

*" Thy Will be done ! Thy Will be  
done ! "*

*" Thy Will be done ! "*

It is Thy Will

That all Life's wrongs should be redressed ;

That burdened souls their bonds should  
break ;

That Earth of Heavenly Joys partake.

And so, right wistfully, we cry,—

*" Thy Will be done ! Thy Will be  
done ! "*

*" Thy Will be done ! "*

'Tis not Thy Will

That man should kiss a chastening rod ;

But, heart abrim, and head to heaven,

Should praise his God for mercies given,

And ever cry right joyously,—

*" Thy Will be done ! Thy Will be  
done ! "*

*" Thy Will be done ! "*

It is Thy Will

That Life should seek its golden prime,—

That strife 'twixt man and man should  
cease,—

That all Thy sons should build Thy peace.

And so, full longingly, we cry,—

*" Thy Will be done ! Thy Will be  
done ! "*

*" Thy Will be done ! "*

Then Earth were Heaven,

If but Thy gracious Will prevailed ;

If every will that worketh ill

Would bend to Thine, and Thine fulfil,

And with us pray,—*" Bring in Thy  
Day !*

*Thy Will be done ! Thy Will be  
done ! "*

## Dies Ira—Dies Pacis.

*(As earnestly as any I crave the victory of Right over this madness of Insensate Might against which we are contending. As certainly as any I would, if that were conceivably possible, have adequate punishment meted out to those who have brought this horror upon the world. But I see, as all save the utterly earth-blinded must see—that when the Day of Settlement comes, and we and our allies are in a position to impose terms, unless we go into the Council-Chamber with hearts set inflexibly on the Common Weal of the World—in a word, unless we invite Christ to a seat at the Board—the end may be even worse than the beginning ;—this which we have hoped and prayed might be the final war may prove but the beginning of strifes incredible.)*

" Only through Me ! " . . . The clear, high  
 call comes pealing,  
 Above the thunders of the battle-plain ;—  
 " Only through Me can Life's red wounds  
 find healing ;  
 Only through Me shall Earth have peace  
 again.

Only through Me ! . . . Love's Might, all  
 might transcending,  
 Alone can draw the poison-fangs of Hate.



Yours the beginning !—Mine a nobler  
 ending,—  
 Peace upon Earth, and Man regenerate !

Only through Me can come the great  
 awaking ;

Wrong cannot right the wrongs that  
 Wrong hath done ;

Only through Me, all other gods forsaking,  
 Can ye attain the heights that must be  
 won.

Only through Me shall Victory be sounded ;  
 Only through Me can Right wield righteous  
 sword ;

Only through Me shall Peace be surely  
 founded ;

Only through Me ! . . . *Then bid Me to the  
 Board !* "

*Can we not rise to such great height of glory ?  
 Shall this vast sorrow spend itself in vain ?  
 Shall future ages tell the woeful story,—  
 " Christ by His own was crucified again " ?*

## Judgment Day.

The nations are in the proving ;  
 Each day is Judgment Day ;  
 And the peoples He finds wanting  
 Shall pass—by the Shadowy Way.

## God's Crucible.

The World is in the Melting-Pot,  
What *was* is passing away,  
And what will remain, when it cools again,  
No man may safely say.

But of this we may be certain,—  
The Old Things have gone for aye ;  
The wood, and the hay, and the stubble,  
they  
Have passed in the heat of the fray.

And what be the things that are left us ?  
—" Gold and silver and precious stones " ?  
Or only a world into chaos hurled,  
And cluttered with brave men's bones ?

Have *we* added ought to the fuel  
Of these fires of the wrath of God ?  
Have *we* had no part in the warping of  
heart  
That has deluged the earth with blood ?

But, whatever our sins, the purging  
Has cleansed us and purified ;  
With heart and with brain we must build  
again  
Things of proof that shall abide.

O, see that ye build securely,  
When the time for building comes ;  
—With square-hewn blocks of Right-  
eousness,  
And corner-stones of Faithfulness,  
And girders strong of Righted Wrong,  
And the blood of our Martyrdoms !

And—build on The One Foundation,  
That shall make the building sure,—  
The Rock that was laid ere the world was  
made,—  
Build on Him, and ye build secure !

## The Big Things.

The Greatest Day that ever dawned,—  
It was a Winter's Morn.

The Finest Temple ever built  
Was a Shed where a Babe was born.

The Sweetest Robes by woman wrought  
Were the Swaths by the Baby worn.

And the Fairest Hair the world has seen,  
—Those Locks that were never shorn.

The Noblest Crown man ever wore,—  
It was the Plaited Thorn.

The Grandest Death man ever died,—  
It was the Death of Scorn.

The Sorest Grief by woman known  
Was the Mother-Maid's forlorn.

The Deepest Sorrows e'er endured  
Were by The Outcast borne.

The Truest Heart the world e'er broke  
Was the Heart by man's sins torn.

## The Empty Chair.

Wherever is an empty chair—

Lord, be Thou there !

And fill it—like an answered prayer—

With grace of fragrant thought, and rare

Sweet memories of him whose place

Thou takest for a little space !—

—With thought of that heroic

Great heart that sprang to Duty's call ;

—With thought of all the best in him,

That Time shall have no power to dim ;

—With thought of Duty nobly done,

And High Eternal Welfare won.

Think ! Would you wish that he had  
stayed,

When all the rest The Call obeyed ?

—That thought of self had held in thrall

His soul, and shrunk it mean and small ?

Nay, rather thank the Lord that he

Rose to such height of chivalry ;

—That, with the need, his loyal soul

Swung like a needle to its pole ;

—That, setting duty first, he went

At once, as to a sacrament.

So, Lord, we thank Thee for Thy Grace,

And pray Thee fill his vacant place !

## Road=Dates.

From deepest depth, O Lord, I cry to Thee.

*" My Love runs quick to your necessity."*

I am bereft ; my soul is sick with loss.

*" Dear one, I know. My heart broke on  
the Cross."*

What most I loved is gone. I walk alone.

*" My Love shall more than fill his place,  
my own."*

The burden is too great for me to bear.

*" Not when I'm here to take an equal  
share."*

The road is long, and very wearisome.

*" Just on in front I see the light of home."*

The night is black ; I fear to go astray.

*" Hold My hand fast. I'll lead you all  
the way."*

My eyes are dim, with weeping all the  
night.

*" With one soft kiss I will restore your  
sight."*

And Thou wilt do all this for me ?—for  
me ?

*" For this I came—to bear you company."*

## Alpha—Omega.

Curly head, and laughing eyes,—  
Mischief that all blame defies.

Cricket,—footer,—Eton-jacket,—  
Everlasting din and racket.

Tennis,—boating,—socks and ties,—  
Tragedies,—and comedies.

Business,—sobered,—getting on,—  
One girl now,—The Only One.

London Scottish,—sporrán,—kilt,—  
Bonnet cocked at proper tilt.

Dies Iræ!—Off to France,—  
Lord!—a safe deliverance!

Deadly work,—foul gases,—trenches;  
Naught that radiant spirit quenches.

Letters dated "Somewhere,—France,"—  
Mud,—and grub,—and no romance.

Hearts at home all on the quiver,  
Telegrams make backbones shiver.

Silence !—Feverish enquiry ;—  
Dies Iræ !—Dies Iræ !

His the joy,—and ours the pain,  
But, ere long, we'll meet again.

Not too much we'll sorrow—for  
It's both " à Dieu ! " and " au revoir ! "

### Hail !—and Farewell !

They died that we might live,—  
*Hail !—And Farewell !*  
—All honour give  
To those who, nobly striving, nobly fell,  
That we might live !

That we might live they died,—  
*Hail !—And Farewell !*  
—Their courage tried,  
By every mean device of treacherous hate,  
Like Kings they died.

Eternal honour give,—  
*Hail !—And Farewell !*  
—To those who died,  
In that full splendour of heroic pride,  
That we might live !



## A Silent Te Deum.

We thank Thee, Lord,  
 For all Thy Golden Silences,—  
 For every Sabbath from the world's tur-  
 moil ;  
 For every respite from the stress of life ;—  
 Silence of moorlands rolling to the skies,  
 Heath-purpled, bracken-clad, aflame with  
 gorse ;  
 Silence of gray tors crouching in the mist ;  
 Silence of deep woods' mystic cloistered  
 calm ;  
 Silence of wide seas basking in the sun ;  
 Silence of white peaks soaring to the blue ;  
 Silence of dawns, when, their matins  
 sung,  
 The little birds do fall asleep again ;  
 For the deep silence of high golden noons ;  
 Silence of gloamings and the setting sun ;  
 Silence of moonlit nights and patterned  
 glades ;  
 Silence of stars, magnificently still,  
 Yet ever chanting their Creator's skill ;  
 For that high silence of Thine Open House,  
 Dim-branching roof and lofty-pillared  
 aisle,  
 Where burdened hearts find rest in Thee  
 awhile ;  
 Silence of friendship, telling more than  
 words ;  
 Silence of hearts, close-knit, heart to  
 heart ;

Silence of joys too wonderful for words ;  
 Silence of sorrows, when Thou drawest  
     near ;

Silence of soul, wherein we come to Thee,  
 And find ourselves in Thine Immensity ;  
 For that great silence where Thou dwell'st  
     alone—

—Father, Spirit, Son, in One,  
 Keeping watch above Thine Own,—  
 Deep unto deep, within us sound sweet  
     chords,

Of praise beyond the reach of human  
     words ;

In our souls' silence, feeling only Thee,—  
     We thank Thee, thank Thee,  
             Thank Thee, Lord !

### Flighting Wings.

The mother eagle wrecks the nest  
 To make her fledglings fly,  
 But watches each, with wings outstretched,  
 And fierce maternal eye ;  
 And swoops if any fail to soar,  
 And lands them on the crag once more.

So God at times breaks up our nest,  
 Lest, sunk in slothful ease,  
 Our souls' wings moult and lose the zest  
 For battle with the breeze ;  
 But ever waits, with arms of love,  
 To bear our souls all ills above.

## The Nameless Graves.

Unnamed at times, at times unknown,  
Our graves lie thick beyond the seas ;  
Unnamed, but not of Him unknown ;—  
He knows !—He sees !

And not one soul has fallen in vain.  
Here was no useless sacrifice.  
From this red sowing of white seed  
New life shall rise.

All that for which they fought lives on,  
And flourishes triumphantly ;  
Watered with blood and hopeful tears,  
It could not die.

The world was sinking in a slough  
Of sloth, and ease, and selfish greed ;  
God surely sent this scourge to mould  
A nobler creed.

Birth comes with travail ; all these woes  
Are birth-pangs of the days to be.  
Life's noblest things are ever born  
In agony.

So—comfort to the stricken heart !  
Take solace in the thought that he  
You mourn was called by God to such  
High dignity.

**Blinded!**

You that still have your sight,  
Remember me !—  
I risked my life, I lost my eyes,  
That you might see.

Now in the dark I go,  
That you have light.  
Yours, all the joy of day,  
I have but night.

Yours still, the faces dear,  
The fields, the sky.  
For me—ah me !—there's nought  
But this black misery !

In this unending night,  
I can but see  
What once I saw, and fain  
Would see again.  
O, midnight of black pain !  
Come, Comrade Death,  
Come quick, and set me free,  
And give me back my eyes again !

. . . . .  
Nay then, Christ's vicar,  
You who bear our pain,  
Ours be it now to see  
Your dark days lighted,  
And your way made plain.

Said the Wounded One :—

Just see that we get full value  
 Of that for which we have paid.  
 The price has been a heavy one,  
 But the goods are there—and *we've paid*.  
 We've paid in our toil and our woundings ;  
 We've paid in the blood we've shed ;  
 We've paid in our bitter hardships ;  
 We've paid with our many dead.

It's not payment in kind we ask for,  
 Two wrongs don't make much of a right.  
 All we ask is —that, what we have paid for,  
 You secure for us, all right and tight.

The Peace of the World's what we're after ;  
 We've all had enough of King Cain,  
 And the Kaiser and all his bully-men,  
 With their World-Power big on the brain.

No !—we fought with a definite object,  
 And it's this—and we want it made plain,—  
 That it's God, and not any devil,  
 That's to rule in the world again.

## Our Share.

And we ourselves? Are our hands clean?  
 Are our souls free from blame  
 For this world-tragedy?  
 Nay then! Like all the rest,  
 We had relaxed our hold on higher things,  
 And satisfied ourselves with smaller.  
 Ease, pleasure, greed of gold,—  
 Laxed morals even in these,—  
 We suffered them, as unaware  
 Of their soul-cankerings.  
 We had slipped back along the sloping  
     way,  
 No longer holding First Things First,  
 But throning gods emasculate,—  
 Idols of our own fashioning,  
 Heads of sham gold and feet of crumbling  
     clay.  
 If we would build anew, and build to stay,  
 We must find God again,  
 And go His way.

*Note on "Policeman X"—on opposite page.*

"POLICEMAN X," which appeared first in *Bees in Amber*, was written in 1898. The Epilogue was written in 1914. "Policeman X" is the Kaiser. "Policeman"—because if he had so chosen he could have assisted in policing Europe and preserving the peace of the world. "X"—because he was then the unknown quantity. Now, we know him only too well.

## Policeman X.

" Shall it be Peace ?

A voice within me cried and would not  
cease,—

' One man could do it if he would but  
dare.' "

(From " Policeman X " in " Bees in Amber. ")

## Epilogue, 1914.

He did not dare !

His swelling pride laid wait

On opportunity, then dropped the mask  
And tempted Fate, cast loaded dice,—  
and lost ;

Nor recked the cost of losing.

*" Their souls are mine.*

*Their lives were in thy hand ;—*

*Of thee I do require them ! "*

The Voice, so stern and sad, thrilled my  
heart's core

And shook me where I stood.

Sharper than sharpest sword, it fell on him  
Who stood defiant, muffle-cloaked and  
helmed,

With eyes that burned, impatient to be  
gone.

*" The fetor of thy grim burnt offerings*

*Comes up to me in clouds of bitterness.*

*Thy fell undoings crucify afresh  
 Thy Lord—who died alike for these and  
 thee.  
 Thy works are Death ;—thy spear is in  
 my side,—  
 O man ! O man !—was it for this I died ?*

*Was it for this ?—*

*A valiant people harried to the void,—  
 Their fruitful fields a burnt-out wilder-  
 ness,—  
 Their prosperous country ravelled into  
 waste,—  
 Their smiling land a vast red sepulchre.—  
 —Thy work !*

*For this ?—*

*—Black clouds of smoke that veil the  
 sight of heaven ;  
 Black piles of stones which yesterday were  
 homes ;  
 And raw black heaps which once were  
 villages ;  
 Fair towns in ashes, spoiled to suage thy  
 spleen ;  
 My temples desecrate, My priests out-  
 cast ;—  
 Black ruin everywhere, and red,—a land  
 All swamped with blood, and savaged raw  
 and bare ;  
 All sickened with the reek and stench of war,  
 And flung a prey to pestilence and want ;  
 —Thy work !*



For this ?—

—Life's fair white flower of manhood in  
the dust ;

Ten thousand thousand hearts made  
desolate ;

My troubled world a seething pit of hate ;

My helpless ones the victims of thy lust ;—

The broken maids lift hopeless eyes to Me,

The little ones lift handless arms to Me,

The tortured women lift white lips to Me,

The eyes of murdered white-haired sires  
and dames

Stare up at Me,—and the sad anguished  
eyes

Of My dumb beasts in agony.

—Thy work !

Outrage on outrage thunders to the sky

The tale of thy stupendous infamy,—

Thy slaughterings,—thy treacheries,—thy  
thefts,—

Thy broken pacts,—thy honour in the  
mire,—

Thy poor humanity cast off to save thy  
pride ;—

'Twere better thou hadst never lived,—or  
died

Ere come to this.

Thou art the man ! The scales were in  
thy hand.

For this vast wrong I hold thy soul in fee.

*Seek not a scapegoat for thy righteous due,  
Nor hope to void thy countability.  
Until thou purge thy pride and turn to  
Me,—  
As thou hast done, so be it unto thee ! "*

The shining eyes, so stern, and sweet, and  
sad,  
Searched the hard face for sign of hopeful  
grace.  
But grace was none. Enarmoured in his  
pride,  
With brusque salute the other turned, and  
strode  
Adown the night of Death and fitful fires.

Then, as the Master bowed him, sorrow-  
ing,  
I heard a great Voice pealing through the  
heavens,  
A Voice that dwarfed earth's thunders to  
a moan :—

*" Woe ! Woe ! Woe—to him by whom  
this came !*

*His house shall unto him be desolate.  
And, to the end of time, his name shall be  
A byword and reproach in all the lands  
He rapined . . . And his own shall curse  
him*

*For the ruin that he brought.  
Who without reason draws the sword—  
By sword shall perish !  
The Lord hath said . . . So be it, Lord ! "*

AND AFTER! . . . . .  
. . . . . WHAT ?

God grant the sacrifice be not in vain !  
Those valiant souls who set themselves  
with pride  
To hold the Ways . . . and fought . . . and  
fought . . . and died,—  
They rest with Thee.

But, to the end of time,  
The virtue of their valiance shall remain,  
To pulse a nobler life through every vein  
Of our humanity.

No drop of hero-blood e'er runs to waste,  
But springs eternal, Fountain pure and  
chaste,  
For cleansing of men's souls from earthly  
grime.  
Life knows no waste. The Reaper toils  
in vain,  
In vain piles high his grim red harvesting,—  
His dread, red harvest of the slain !  
God's wondrous husbandry is oft obscure,  
But, without halt or haste, its course is  
sure,  
And His good grain must die to live again.

From this dread sowing, grant us harvest,  
Lord,  
Of Nobler Doing, and of Loftier Hope,—  
An All-Embracing and Enduring Peace,—  
A Bond of States, a Pact of Peoples, based

On no caprice of royal whim, but on  
Foundation mightier than the mightiest  
throne—

The Well-Considered Will of All the Lands,  
Therewith,—a simpler, purer, larger life,  
Unhampered by the dread of war's alarms,  
A life attuned to closer touch with Thee,  
And golden-threaded with Thy Charity ;—  
A Sweeter Earth,—a Nearer Heaven,—a  
World

As emulous in Peace as once in War,  
And striving ever upward towards The  
Goal.

*So, once again, through Death shall come  
New Life,  
And out of Darkness, Light.*

## Everywoman and War.

*They sat, the man and the woman, over a handful of smouldering ashes, wherein was but the barest spark of life, and all about them lay their world in ruin. The fighting was over; the victory won. Right had triumphed in the end over the madness of Insensate Might. But the cost had been heavy, and the sky was still black with clouds.*

*He was a broken man. A blood-stained clout was twisted round his wounded head, and covered one eye of which the sight was gone. His right arm hung helpless in a roughly-made sling. His left leg and foot were swathed about with rude bandages. He was lean-faced and worn, and his uniform was in rags. He had lost much blood, and with it much of faith and hope. Yet there was about him a certain dogged resolution against defeat. He was a broken, but not a beaten, man.*

*The woman's face was white also; her eyes were weary and dark with many sorrows. Her clothing was in tatters; her hair dishevelled. She had the mien of one who had suffered sore bruising both of body and soul, but more even of soul than of body.*

*She sat with her chin in her hand and her elbow on her knee, and gazed steadily at the little spark of life still left in the core of dead ashes. The faint glow of the dying fire set a tiny star in both her misted eyes.*

*Between them, spilled out on the floor as though asleep, was the body of a child. But the child was dead.*

*They spoke together, in low tones, slowly and weightily.*

*And this is what they said :—*

WOMAN (*with a long-drawn sigh, raising her other arm in eloquent appeal and dropping it in despair*) : How long, O Lord, how long ? . . . Why must these things be ? And must it be so for ever ?

MAN : As long as man is what he is it will be so.

WOMAN : But why ? You had no wish to fight—you, yourself. You do not love fighting.

MAN : You know it. All I desired was to live in peace and happiness with you, with you to rear our brood, to set their feet in larger ways, their faces to the Light.

WOMAN : Yet you fought . . . and we are bereft.

MAN (*doggedly*) : Ay ! At times man has to fight.

WOMAN : Why ?

MAN : For his life and for his faith—  
for his honour, for his home—for all he  
holds above the common.

WOMAN : If Right ruled, these would  
never be in peril.

MAN (*bitterly*) : Ay, . . . if right ruled.

WOMAN : After all these years ! Why  
should this be ?

MAN : Because men are men, hot-  
passioned and compound of good and ill,  
and at times the ill prevails. It always  
has been so. It always will be so.

(*They fall silent for a time.*)

WOMAN (*gazing earnestly into the fire,  
and, as she speaks, nodding her head slowly,  
as though in recognition of something she  
sees there*) : It need not be so.

MAN : How then ? Who shall alter it ?

WOMAN : Woman ! . . . See now ! (*She  
turns to him with outstretched arm, and in  
her eyes the stars shine brightly.*) Who  
suffers most by war ?

MAN : Why, we who face hot death  
upon the field.

WOMAN (*her outstretched hand droops till it points eloquently to the dead child*): Nay, then! In pain and travail brought I forth our child. Yours was the joy, but mine the anguish of it. 'Tis we who suffer most by war. You have the fierce delight of battle. We wait the end in bitterness and fear. We suffer most. If our poor lives be spared, we lose what is more dear. . . . And we could stop it. It is within our power to stop all wars and suffer them no more. It could be done! (*A tiny flame shoots up amid the embers; her eyes shine still more brightly in the glow of it.*) It could be done! . . . Woman could make an end of War for ever. I have seen it—there!—in the glow of the fire! I have seen it all complete. God opened my eyes and I have seen.

MAN (*gazing at her in wonder*): How then?—Woman make an end of War? . . . an—end—of—War? (*Shakes his head amazedly.*) Nay! . . . I would to God she could! But that's beyond her. What saw you in the fire?

WOMAN (*propping her chin in her palm again and her elbow on her knee, and gazing steadfastly into the fire, which burns more and more brightly, as though responsive to her thought*): This!—In every land throughout the earth I saw all women pledged to Peace—pledged, one and all,



inflexibly to Peace, . . . every woman, in every land, at any cost, at every risk, at every sacrifice—if needs be of her life. It needed but one brave man's life to stop the bloody games at Rome. A thousand women's lives would make an end of War for ever. How gladly would a thousand women die to save the world from War!—to save the world from war for evermore! (*She throws up her hand in rapture at the thought of it.*)

MAN (*shaking his head in unbelief*): Your thought is far beyond me. But—of this I am assured—Woman would never pledge herself to such great sacrifice.

WOMAN (*with an eloquent gesture*): The heart of Womanhood throughout the world is sick with bruising. Proud of your valiance we are—oh, proud and glad!—yet anguished at the waste. Do we bear sons for Moloch?—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, to mulch the earth like dung? There's scarce a woman's heart in all the world but aches with loss this day. When woman's heart is nailed upon its cross, its crown is near. It could be done! It can be done! . . . So small a cross!—so great a crown! No woman of us all would shrink from death if so the world could be redeemed from War—redeemed for ever from this awful curse of War. It could be done! It can be done!

MAN (*shaking his head again slowly*) :  
If all the women were like you—per-  
chance——

WOMAN : No woman's heart in all the  
world but loathes this curse of war. Make  
plain to them that in their hands it lies to  
end all wars for ever, and their souls  
would leap to it. . . . But once—and that  
but doubtfully—their faith and courage  
might be sorely tried. But once, and  
then, for ever—Peace! How small a  
price to pay for boon so great! It could  
be done!

MAN : If you could compass it! But—  
(*shakes his head*)—an enterprise so vast  
exceeds a woman's powers.

WOMAN : One woman's—yes! But  
every woman's?—No! In every land  
throughout the world I'd call on every  
woman to enrol her name and pledge her  
life to Peace. The one desire of every  
woman's heart in all the world to-day is—  
Peace. What would not woman give for  
Peace that should endure for ever? Think  
of it! A mighty World-wide Women's  
League for Peace!—A thousand million  
women pledged to Peace! How would  
man's puny arms withstand their might?

MAN (*shaking his head*) : You'd never  
get the women pledged to it.

WOMAN : It—could—be—done!

MAN: You'd be opposed by every King and Kaiser, Emperor and Tsar, throughout the world.

WOMAN (*with a wave of the hand*): By every selfish soul that lives by war. The world has suffered them too long. O wonder of the ages! (*She throws up her arm in eloquent gesture.*) O marvel of all time!—this wonderful great patience of the peoples! How long, O Lord, how long? . . . See, then!—I bear no thought of ill against a King who rules by common will, whose people's voice is free, and he its best interpreter. If he be fittest, let him rule. But those on whom the final burden falls must have their say in every State's affairs. No State so ruled will make for war as one in grip of iron hand for that sole hand's sole good.

MAN: The fittest men are few.

WOMAN: The rest must go. God never lacks for men. The people pay their rulers' debts in blood and tears. Who pays must call the tune. 'Tis time the people came into their own. Too long they've been exploited by the few. Too long! (*throwing up her hand.*) How long, O Lord, how long! And we have paid—(*her hand sinks eloquently towards the dead child*)—in blood—and tears.

MAN (*shaking his head*): Man will but see in this strange thought of yours another veiled attempt to gain those rights your sisters sought by means insufferable.

WOMAN: He will learn better. The world wants Peace. Through all the ages man has fought and died to win him Peace and Safety. And where is Peace?—and Safety, where? A million million men have died for Peace, and yet—no Peace! Could Woman compass Peace Unbreakable, what guerdon hers? What place would man accord her?

MAN: Anything! For boon so great—everything! End War for ever, and in that ampler life, set free from War's alarms, all else must follow, as the greater holds the less.

WOMAN: It can be done!

MAN: I would to God it could! But——(*shakes his head in utter unbelief*).

WOMAN: For things of smaller moment Woman dared and risked her all—her very life. Would she dare less to win this gift of Peace?

MAN: Where the Church failed——

WOMAN : God pardon it—and us ! His house divided—how should it prevail ? Yet in the heart of woman more than man the White Fire burns. With Peace the flame would spread and burn more brightly still.

MAN : War brings us to our knees.

WOMAN : Perforce ! Yet better still the prayers of peace and thankfulness. Prayer born of fear shall still avail, but prayer that wells from brimming heart is sweeter in God's ears.

MAN : Grant that you got your world-wide women pledged to Peace—what then ? Wars would still spring from out the void in spite of you.

WOMAN : At the first threat of war—and, mind you ! women in your councils, wars would not spring, as now, from out the void—the women pledged to Peace on either side would rise—rise in their white-clad millions, and forbid it ; would strive in every way for Peace with every power God gave them. But, should the foolish ones persist and draw to battle, all those white-clad millions would march forth and draw between and dare their own to slay them.

Just once, perchance—and that but small perchance—their men, if still embruted and enslaved by man, might cast

aside their souls and slay. But only once! Wolf eats not wolf. Shall man destroy his own at man's behest? And women pledged to that would yield their lives ungrudgingly for such reward—the World emancipate from War for evermore! It could be done!

MAN (*shaking his head*): A noble dream—but all impossible!

WOMAN (*with prophetic assurance*): No dream—a Heavenly Vision! It—could—be—done! A World-wide Women's League for Peace, and at its head—The Christ, the Prince of Peace! It could be done! The scales are fallen from mine eyes. I see! I see it clear to its remotest end! It can be done!

MAN (*gazing at her inspired face*): In truth, you almost make me think it could be done.

WOMAN (*with shining eyes, as the fire bursts into flame*): It—can—be—done! We who have suffered, we can save our sisters for all time from equal wounds, and heal our own. Upon the piles of our dear dead shall rise the temple walls of Peace. Out of our sorrow shall come joy; out of this bitter, sweet. And this vast ill, which seemed to us all loss, shall, by God's grace, be turned to everlasting gain. It—can—be—done! It—can—be—done!

## The Meeting-Place.

(A Warning.)

I saw my fellows  
In Poverty Street,—  
Bitter and black with life's defeat,  
Ill-fed, ill-housed, of ills complete.

And I said to myself,—

*" Surely death were sweet  
To the people who live in Poverty  
Street."*

I saw my fellows  
In Market Place,—  
Avid and anxious, and hard of face,  
Sweating their souls in the Godless race.

And I said to myself,—

*" How shall these find grace  
Who tread Him to death in the Market  
Place ? "*

I saw my fellows  
In Vanity Fair,—  
Revelling, rollicking, debonair,  
Life all a Gaudy-Show, never a care.

And I said to myself,—

*" Is there place for these  
In my Lord's well-appointed policies ? "*

I saw my fellows  
 In Old Church Row,—  
 Hot in discussion of things High and Low,  
 Cold to the seething volcano below.

And I said to myself,—

*" The leaven is dead.*

*The salt has no savour. The Spirit is  
 fled."*

I saw my fellows  
 As men and men,—  
 The Men of Pain, and the Men of Gain,  
 And the Men who lived in Gallanty-Lane.

And I said to myself,—

*" What if those should dare*

*To claim from these others their right-  
 ful share ? "*

I saw them all  
 Where the Cross-Roads meet ;—  
 Vanity Fair, and Poverty Street,  
 And the Mart, and the Church,—when  
 the Red Drums beat,  
 And summoned them all to The Great  
 Court-Leet.

And I cried unto God,—

*" Now grant us Thy grace ! "*

. . . . .

For that was a terrible Meeting-Place.



## Victory Day.

### An Anticipation.

As sure as God's in His Heaven,  
As sure as He stands for Right,  
As sure as the Hun this wrong hath done,  
So surely we win this fight !

Then !—

Then, the visioned eye shall see  
The great and noble company,  
That gathers there from land and sea,  
From over-land and over-sea,  
From under-land and under-sea,  
To celebrate right royally  
The Day of Victory.

Not alone on that great day,  
Will the war-worn victors come,  
To meet our great glad " Welcome Home ! "   
And a whole world's deep " Well-done ! "   
Not alone ! Not alone will they come,  
To the sound of the pipe and the drum ;  
They will come to their own  
With the pipe and the drum,  
With the merry merry tune  
Of the pipe and the drum ;—  
But—they—will—not—come—alone !

In their unseen myriads there,  
Unperceived, but no less there,

In the vast of God's own air,  
   They will come !—  
 With never a pipe or a drum,  
 All the flower of Christendom,  
 In a silence more majestic,—  
 They will come ! They will come !  
 The unknown and the known,  
 To meet our deep " Well done ! "  
 And the world-resounding thunders  
 Of our great glad " Welcome Home ! "

With their faces all alight,  
 And their brave eyes shining bright,  
 From their glorious martyrdom,  
   They will come !  
 They will once more all unite  
 With their comrades of the fight,  
 To share the world's delight  
 In the Victory of Right,  
 And the doom—the final doom—  
 The final, full, and everlasting doom  
 Of brutal Might,  
   They will come !

At the world-convulsing boom  
 Of the treacherous Austrian gun,—  
 At the all-compelling " Come ! "  
 Of that deadly signal-gun,—  
 They gauged the peril, and they came.  
 —Of many a race, and many a name,  
 But all ablaze with one white flame,  
 They tarried not to count the cost,

But came.

They came from many a clime and coast,—  
 The slim of limb, the dark of face,  
 They shouldered eager in the race,—  
 The sturdy giants of the frost,  
 And the stalwarts of the sun,—  
 Britons, Britons, Britons are they !

Britons, every one !

It shall be their life-long boast,  
 That they counted not the cost,  
 But, at the Mother-Country's call, they  
 came.

They came a wrong to right,  
 They came to end the blight  
 Of a vast ungodly might ;  
 And by their gallant coming overcame.  
 Britons, Britons, Britons are they !

Britons, every one !

It shall be their nobler boast,—  
 It shall spell their endless fame,—  
 That, regardless of the cost,  
 They won the world for Righteousness,  
 And cleansed it of its shame.  
 Britons, Britons, Britons are they !

Britons, every one !

And now,—again they come,  
 With merry pipe and drum,  
 Amid the storming cheers,  
 And the grateful-streaming tears,  
 Of this our great, glad, sorrowing Welcome-  
 Home.

They shall every one be there,

On the earth or in the air,  
From the land and from the sea,  
And from under-land and sea,  
Not a man shall missing be  
From the past and present fighting-  
strength

Of that great company.  
Those who lived, and those who died,  
They were one in noble pride  
Of desperate endeavour and of duty nobly  
done ;

For their lives they risked and gave  
Very Soul of Life to save,  
And by their own great valour, and the  
Grace of God, they won.

Britons, Britons, Britons are they !—

Britons, every one !

## What Can a Little Chap Do?

*What can a little chap do  
For his country and for you ?  
What CAN a little chap do ?*

He can play a straight game all through ;—  
*That's one good thing he can do.*

He can fight like a Knight  
For the Truth and the Right ;—  
*That's another good thing he can do.*

He can shun all that's mean,  
He can keep himself clean,  
Both without and within ;—  
*That's a very fine thing he can do.*

His soul he can brace  
Against everything base,  
And the trace will be seen  
All his life in his face ;  
*That's an excellent thing he can do.*

He can look to the Light,  
He can keep his thought white,  
He can fight the great fight,  
He can do with his might  
What is good in God's sight ;—  
*Those are truly great things he can do.*

Though his years be but few,  
If he keep himself true  
He can march in the queue  
Of the Good and the Great,  
Who battled with fate  
And won through ;—

*That's a wonderful thing he can do.*

And—in each little thing  
He can follow THE KING,  
Yes—in each smallest thing  
He can follow THE KING,—  
He can follow THE CHRIST, THE KING.

*The above is issued on small cards and on large wall-cards for the use of Schools, Scouts, etc.*

## Benedicamus Domino!

When Joys brim to overflow,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When our hearts are numb with woe,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When Love's golden lamps do glow,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When the sweet oil runneth low,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When Life's chalice full doth grow,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When it suffers overthrow,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When Youth's rich red roses blow,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When Life's storms the petals strow,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When we triumph o'er The Foe,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When the fight doth bring us low,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When the things we cling to go,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When we know not what we know,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

When we crave,—and Thou sayest  
" No ! "—  
Benedicamus Domino !

Soon above, as now below,—  
Benedicamus Domino !

Heaven and Earth Thy Love do show ;  
How should we Thy praise forego ?  
Benedicamus, Benedicamus,  
Benedicamus Domino !



## When He Tries the Hearts of Men.

As gold is tried in the furnace,  
*So He tries the hearts of men ;*  
 And the dwale and the dross shall suffer  
 loss,

*When He tries the hearts of men.*

And the wood, and the hay, and the  
 stubble

Shall pass in the flame away,  
 For gain is loss, and loss is gain,  
 And treasure of earth is poor and vain,  
*When He tries the hearts of men.*

As gold is refined in the furnace,  
*So He fines the hearts of men.*

The purge of the flame doth rid them of  
 shame,

*When He tries the hearts of men.*

O, better than gold, yea, than much fine  
 gold,

*When He tries the hearts of men,*

Are Faith, and Hope, and Truth, and Love,  
 And the Wisdom that cometh from above,  
*When He tries the hearts of men.*

**Poison-Seeds.**

Is there, in you or me,  
Seed of that poison-tree  
Which, in its bitter fruiting, bore  
Such vintage sore  
Of red calamity—  
Black wine of horror and of Death,  
And soul-catastrophe?  
Search well and see!

Yea—search and see!  
And, if there be—  
Tear up its roots with zealous care,  
With deep soul-probing and with prayer,  
Lest, in the coming years,  
Again it bear  
This same dread fruit of blood and tears,  
And ruth beyond compare.

Each soul that strips it of one evil thing  
Lifts all the world towards God's good  
purposing.

## The War-Makers.

*Who are the Makers of Wars ?*

The Kings of the earth.

*And who are these Kings of the earth ?*

Only men—not always even men of  
worth,

But claiming rule by right of birth.

*And Wisdom ?—does that come by birth ?*

Nay then—too often the reverse.

Wise father oft has son perverse ;

Solomon's son was Israel's curse.

*Why suffer things to reason so averse ?*

It always has been so,

And only now does knowledge grow

To that high point where all men  
know—

Who would be free must strike the  
blow.

*And how long will man suffer so ?*

Until his soul of Freedom sings,

And, strengthened by his sufferings,

He breaks the worn-out leading-  
strings,

And calls to stricter reckonings

Those costliest things—unworthy

Kings.

Not all are worthless. Some, with sense  
of duty,  
Strive to invest their lives with grace and  
beauty.  
To such—high honour ! But the rest—  
self-seekers,  
Pride-puffed—out with them !—useless  
mischief-makers !

The time is past when any man or nation  
Will meekly bear unrighteous domination.

The time is come when every burden-  
bearer  
Must, in the fixing of his load, be sharer.

## Up!—and On!

### A SCHOOL SONG.

Lives are in the making here,  
Hearts are in the waking here,  
Mighty undertaking here.

Up!—and On!

We are arming for the fight,  
Pressing on with all our might,  
Pluming wings for higher flight.

Up!—and On!

### CHORUS—

Up, boys! Truest fame  
Lies in high endeavour.  
Play the game! Keep the flame  
Burning brightly ever!

Fair before us lies the way,  
Time for work and time for play,  
Fill the measure while we may.

Up!—and On!

Life and Time will not delay,  
Time is running fast away,  
Life is *Now*—to-day, to-day!

Up!—and On!

Foes in plenty we shall meet ;  
Hearts courageous scorn defeat ;  
So we press, with eager feet,

Up !—and On !

Ever onward to the fight,  
Ever upward to the Light,  
Ever true to God and Right.

Up !—and On !

*A very excellent and attractive setting of the above song, by Mr. James Edmund Jones, of Toronto, Canada, is now in use in many schools. Words and music may be obtained from Messrs. Weekes & Co., Music Publishers, 14, Hanover Street, London, W. 1.*

### Is Life Worth Living ?

Is life worth living ?

It depends on your believing ;—

If it ends with this short span,

Then is man no better than

The beasts that perish.

But a Loftier Hope we cherish.

" Life out of Death " is written wide

Across Life's page on every side.

We cannot think as ended, our dear dead  
who died.

What room is left us then for doubt or  
fear ?

Love laughs at thought of ending—there,  
or here.

God would lack meaning if this world  
were all,

And this short life but one long funeral.

God is ! Christ loves ! Christ lives !

And by His Own Returning gives

Sure pledge of Immortality.

The first-fruits—He ; and we—

The harvest of His victory.

The life beyond shall this life far transcend,

And Death is the Beginning—not the End !

### God's Handwriting.

He writes in characters too grand  
For our short sight to understand ;  
We catch but broken strokes, and try  
To fathom all the mystery  
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,  
The endless war, the useless strife,—  
But there, with larger, clearer sight,  
We shall see this—

HIS WAY WAS RIGHT.

(From *Bees in Amber*.)



Is the light for ever failing?  
God's in His heaven!  
Is the faint heart ever quailing?  
God's in His heaven!  
God's strong arms are all around you,  
In the dark He sought and found you.  
All's well! All's well!  
All's . . . well!



Is the future black with sorrow?  
God's in His heaven!  
Do you dread each dark to-morrow?  
God's in His heaven!  
Nought can come without His knowing,  
Come what may 'tis His bestowing,  
All's well! All's well!  
All's . . . well!











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Oxenhem, John  
"All's well!"

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